

THE MINDEN ECHO

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

Subscription paid to date on address label

Subscription, \$1.25 per annum; \$1.75 to U.S.

Single Copy 3c.

Volume L.

MINDEN, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1937

NO. 15

With Best Wishes
for
The Coming Year

S. W. WELCH

ENJOY YOUR CHRISTMAS WITH A
R.C.A. VICTOR RADIO

Different Prices to suit your purse

If you haven't had your Demonstration on the
NEW 1937 DODGE, just call us and we will
show you one.

1931 Ford DeLuxe Tudor Sedan, reconditioned for \$250.00
1/4-ton Ford Truck, 1929, reconditioned, to clear at \$95.00

HALIBURTON MOTORS

PHONE 11

HALIBURTON

Gelert Gleanings

The L.O.L. 1281 gave a very successful dance in Schrader's Hall on Christmas Night. The hall was just packed and a hearty lunch was served.

Miss Doris Robinson left Monday morning to work in Toronto.

Miss Annie Sagulin returned to Toronto after spending Christmas at her home.

Miss Berny Hamilton of Lindsay spent the holiday at her home here, returning to Lindsay on Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bush of Little Britain returned to Gelert Tuesday evening.

Mr. Roy Dewey left for Gooderham on Christmas Eve, where he has secured a position with Mr. Morrison after a hearty send-off by Mr. and Mrs. Charles and daughter and a few of the neighbors.

A large crowd turned out to the Nomination meeting on Monday, when the new council went in by acclamation after some very hot arguments.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan entertained a large number of their friends over

the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Shearer and daughter, Virginia, spent the Christmas holiday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mendal Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Horsley spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hanthorn.

Mr. Robert Peacock has secured work with Mr. Wilford Hanock at Irondale.

To the Ratepayers of Minden Township

Once again we have facing us an election, for which, by exercising your franchise makes the decision.

The past year being one of the most difficult terms in the history of the Municipality, warrants your support to execute legislation begun and complete the heavy task which has confronted us.

May I again appeal to you for your support.

Wishing you each a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,
FRANK WELCH

HAPPY
NEW YEAR
TO
EVERYONE

Municipal Elections

ANSON & HINDON

One Reeve and five councillors were nominated as follows:

Reeve—George Sears
Councillors—William Cox, James Graham, Harry Robertson, Walter Wright and James Austin.

Mr. Austin failed to qualify, leaving the first four and the Reeve elected by acclamation.

GLAMORGAN

Glamorgan Council was elected by acclamation as follows:

Reeve—S. S. Hadley
Councillors—W. Graham, W. Carmichael, Rev. Chas. Ashdown, and Willard Billings.

MINDEN

The Nomination meeting held in Minden Township on Monday was well attended. In all there were seven nominated for Councillors and three for Reeve. The three proposed for the Reeveship were Lawrence McKnight, Clayton Rogers and Frank Welch. Mr. McKnight withdrew but qualified to run for Councillor. Mr. Ed. Elstone and Mr. Everett Blair declined to qualify for the Councillor contest, leaving the ballot to contain the following names:

For Reeve—Clayton P. Rogers, Frank Welch.

For Councillors—G. Alfred Crofts, C. Moss, R. Kelt, Lawrence McKnight, Alfred R. Moore, Lawrence A. Pritchard.

MONMOUTH

Monmouth Township will not ballot this year as the old council was reelected by acclamation, namely, Reeve—A. J. Cooke

Councillors—Lloyd Watson, William Dack, Russell Patterson, Walter Clarke.

SNOWDON

Snowdon Council was elected by acclamation as follows:

Reeve—W. L. Hagan.
Councillors—Sandy Gilbert, Thomas Hoyle, Orville Hicks, Arnold McElwain.

STANHOPE

In Stanhope Township B. J. Sawyer was re-elected Reeve by acclamation, but a poll will be held for five Councillors as follows:

For Councillors—Harold Archer, John Cowen, James Fader, John Hewitt, Norman Harrison.

No one else was nominated for the Reeveship, but John Langman withdrew as a Councillor nominee.

Carnarvon

The entertainment put on by the Public School last week turned out a real success, the children showing careful training by their teachers. An enjoyable evening was spent.

Our teachers, Messrs. Mackey and Brenton, are spending their holidays at their respective homes in Peterborough.

Mr. Oran Cryderman, for many years a resident of Stanhope, moved to Brown Hill last week, having bought a farm in that district. We wish him success in his new home.

A very laughable play was presented by the young people of Minden in the Recreation Hall on Monday night last. There was not as large a crowd as was hoped for owing to the icy condition of the roads, but those present enjoyed a real treat.

Mr. Norman Brown spent Christmas with friends in St. George.

Mr. Bert Young of Sherwood Forest Camp spent Christmas with Barrie friends.

Mr. Alex Hewitt made a business trip to Toronto early in the week.

Miss Carrie Cowen spent the holiday with friends here, returning to Toronto on Tuesday last.

Wishing Everyone a
Prosperous
New Year



YELLOW LABEL - 1/2 lb - - 27c

BROWN LABEL - 1/2 lb - - 31c

Brown Label, green, 1-2 lb. 29c

Orange Pekoe, Black only, 1-2 lb. 38c

FOR TWO WEEKS

HARTLE'S

Wishing you all a
Prosperous and Happy
NEW YEAR

GEO. SCHRADER - Gelert

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Deeds, Mortgages, Etc.

Monmouth Council Minutes

Clark—Watson—That minutes of last meeting as read be adopted.—Cd.

Patterson—Dack—That a resolution be adopted petitioning the Government for a highway from Fenelon Falls via Kinmount to Wilberforce.—Cd.

Watson—Patterson—That Council adjourn half an hour for lunch.—Cd.

Patterson—Dack—That Wm. Patterson be given \$2 rebate on dog tax.—Cd.

Dack—Patterson—That the offer of Sandy McColl be accepted for Lot 24, Con. 5, for \$15 payable in February.—Cd.

Watson—Clark—That the timber cruiser collect \$10 due on Lot 13, Con. 11, which was sold to Jack Anderson.—Cd.

Clark—Watson—That the Clerk write T. S. Ray re Lots 14 and 15, Con. 11, that the Council will accept \$100 for each of above lots.—Cd.

Patterson—Watson—That Willard Dack be given an order for \$39.05 rebate for arrears of taxes on Lot 25, Con. 10.—Cd.

Clark—Dack—That in the event of an election that Wm. Fleming be appointed Deputy Returning Officer, and E. Tallman Poll Clerk at Polling Sub-division No. 2, and that Norman Dack be Deputy Returning Officer and A. E. Boyce Poll Clerk for Polling Sub-division No. 1.—Cd.

Clark—Dack—That the Tax Collector be paid \$50 part payment on salary.—Cd.

Watson—Clark—That \$25 be paid A. J. Cooke for expenses for this year.—Cd.

Dack—Watson—That the following accounts be paid:

Sessional Allowance
Wm. Dack 18.60, R. Patterson 20.10, L. Watson 18.60, W. Clark 22.00, A. J. Cooke 21.60

Mrs. N. Dack, selecting jurors, \$2.00, A. J. Cooke, selecting jurors, \$2.00, By-laws Roads \$5, Ross Anderson, hall rent, police court etc., \$55, Sidney White, caretaker of Cemetery, \$5, Alex McCrea, S. S. No. 3, \$20, Theo. McCrea, Weed Inspector, \$20, F. Herlihy, Relier Account, 7.98, A. M. Fulton, legal advice, \$3.62, D. Pollaro, Div. Ct., \$12.00, Wm. Dovell, Bailiff, \$4; Mrs. N. Dack, part salary, \$70, postage \$9.07; Registration \$4; E. E. McElwain \$1; Finlay & Finlay, Relief, \$24; Plank 18.24, Ed. Finlay, Treasurer, \$75.—Cd.

Watson—Clark—It is hereby recommended that the Council for 1937 have at least eight sittings at the rate of \$2.50 for each sitting.—Cd.

Clerk—Patterson—That the Clerk post up notices asking for applications for the position of Township Assessor for 1937 at a salary of \$50.—Cd.

Dack—Patterson—That the Clerk be instructed to sell the fox pens on the Fox Ranch property at \$2 per pen.—Cd.

Patterson—Dack—That this meeting adjourn.—Cd.

(Mrs.) J. M. DACK, Clerk

New German Warship Launched



Chancellor Hitler, the high command of the German army and navy, and other prominent Reich and Nazi officials are shown during the ceremonies attending the launching of the new German battleship, *Gneisenau*, at *Stapel* on the *Kiel*, in Germany, recently.

CROCKERY GIRL

By Lewis Allen Browne

SYNOPSIS

For four years, since her father's death left her alone in the world, Susan Morrison has worked in the dreary office of the small Sithwick Crockery Company, wholesale. Chester Hadley, young travelling salesman for the concern, wants to marry her. Since he makes hardly enough to support himself, she says it would be foolhardy for them to marry. Chester has to admit this. Then, unexpectedly, John Sithwick, owner of the concern, forty-five and a widower, offers Susan a way out of her drudgery — he asks her to marry him.

CHAPTER II

"Oh," Susan said, faintly.

"Does my proposal shock you, Susan?"

"Oh, no — of course not, Mr. Sithwick. But I am surprised."

"Why should any pretty girl be surprised that a man wants to marry her?"

"If we had been going about together, Mr. Sithwick, or — or if I had any idea that you gave me a thought beyond the work, but —"

"Of course. But I have been thinking of you — for some time — whether you know it or not, I am comfortably well off. You would have a good home, my dear. You never saw this —" He handed her a photograph. "My home in Pelham."

Susan admired it. It was set in spacious grounds. One would be able to breathe there — what a relief from the city!

"It is lovely, Mr. Sithwick."

"A nice home, Susan. As I told you, I am lovely — and I have been learning to appreciate you more and more during these four years. I believe you said once that you were quite alone in the world?"

"Yes — or practically. There is a great-uncle out in some little Mid-Western town. I never saw him, but Father used to speak of him. He wrote me a kind letter when Father died."

"I see. Well, then, you have to make your decision without family advice, Susan — an advantage, I believe."

Susan stared out of the dingy window at a brick wall, a struggling alanthus tree, a pile of empty crates and bits of broken crockery. She had had that same gloomy outlook for four long years.

But — there was Chet.

"You aren't engaged, are you, Susan?"

"No — I am not."

"I thought not. You never have young men telephoning or coming in to see you. Anyway, a man of my age, Susan, really makes a much better husband than a younger man. He is settled and steadfast. And surely, you are not blind to the advantage of having a handsome home, and a life of comfort and ease?"

"No, Mr. Sithwick. But you never so much as hinted, in these four years, that you were interested in me."

"I wanted to be sure. Now I am sure — sure that I want you, sure that I can make you happy."

"Of course. I am flattered — pleased. But I need time to think things over. After all, it is — for life."

"Susan, you are as sensible as you are beautiful. Consider it from all angles, my dear. I feel quite sure that you will accept me."

He turned back to his own desk.

Susan had to type the next page of sales reports three times — an unheard of thing for her. She just couldn't get her mind back to commonplace figures for a while.

That evening, Sithwick managed to leave the office at the same time as Susan. His car was parked in the little yard next to the warehouse.

"I'll give you a lift, my dear," he said.

He drove her uptown to the drab old brownstone lodging house.

"This isn't much like my Pelham place, is it?" he said, as he helped her out of the car.

"Hardly. It is terribly dismal."

"Well, you have only to say the word. Consider well, Susan!"

John Sithwick climbed back into his car and, with a "good night," drove off. Susan walked around to a shop and celebrated by getting lamb chops and broccoli for her dinner.

In her room, she got out her cracked plates — dishes that John Sithwick threw away. She smiled. There would be no cracked dishes in that handsome Pelham home!

It was stuffy in her room, and she opened a window. Across the narrow yard, other windows had been opened. She could hear the husky wail of some ancient accordion, mingled with the yells of an angry child. In the beautiful house in Pelham, there would be none of this eternal din.

The chops were nicely broiled and a treat. The broccoli was also a treat. If she married John Sithwick, she could drive to market and select delicacies every day!

But what would Chet say? "What CAN he say?" Susan murmured to herself. Surely, he could not blame her if she chose the life that John Sithwick could offer her, though he would be hurt of course.

About eight o'clock, Susan went down to see Mrs. Jessop, the landlady. This was the day that Susan paid her.

"Hello, dearie — aren't you glad to see spring here?" Mrs. Jessop greeted her.

"I don't see much spring, Mrs. Jessop — just my room and the backyard, the subway, and the dismal old warehouse."

"Ain't it true?" The landlady took

When Are Teeth Property?

Writes the Los Angeles Times:— False teeth are part of the owner's body when they are in his mouth, but in his pocket they are personal property, an appellate court ruled here. Walter A. Merrill, film actor, contended the teeth were lost from his pocket, and sought to collect a personal property insurance policy.

SUGGESTION

(Stratford Beacon-Herald)

Since King George VI has no son there is no Prince of Wales, but why not make Lilly-bet the Princess of Wales for a change?

COSTUME SLIP



3103

The young miss will find it such fun to sew this pretty silk costume slip with the easy-to-follow pattern. There are practically just seams to be joined to make this one-piece princess slip. The neck and armholes may be finished with self-material bias binds or lace edging. Irish picot wears especially well, if you decide on lace.

For the 12-year size, it takes only two yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of lace.

She can use the pattern again and again for everyday slips of batiste or lawn.

Style No. 3103 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of pattern wanted. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Susan's money. "But ain't it a blessing to be workin' steady these times, too. Don't forget that."

"Mrs. Jessop — if you were all alone in the world and in my place, and your — I mean, a nice man of about forty-five wanted to marry you and give you a lovely country home, with a car and everything —"

"You got that chance?" Mrs. Jessop interrupted excitedly.

"Yes — today."

"And you didn't tell him yes?"

"Not yet — I wanted to think about it."

"For pity sake! What else is there to think about except to tell him yes and drag him off to a minister? Don't be a ninny — grab him an' the country home an' car, Miss Morrison!"

Susan laughed. "I'll see," she said. The next morning, Susan had reached her decision. As she uncovered her typewriter, she told herself that she would soon be through with office work forever.

In the mail, was a letter for her. It was from a lawyer in the little town where her uncle lived. It told her that old Cyrus Morrison had recently died and had left her his entire estate — that it would be to her advantage to come on.

(To be continued.)

The delicate, juicy leaves of "SALADA" Green Tea are plucked when a few days old from the finest tea districts in Ceylon and India—packed in air-tight metal to keep the flavour in—dust-free—fresh and full of delicious goodness—sold by every grocer—38c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

300



Household Science

By SUSAN FLETCHER

Tired Appetites Demand Novelty

Vary the Monotony by New Ways of Using Leftovers.

"I've tried every recipe in every cook book I own," sighed the mother of four always-hungry boys. An attempt to help her out may give suggestions to other worn-out cooks with blasé families.

An excellent way to serve leftover roast lamb is in a curry sauce with a rice border; did you know that? A chartreuse of rice and meat is another smart left-over dish. Serve no potatoes with either of these, but always an extra vegetable or salad particularly rich in iron to make up for the lack of minerals in rice.

Lamb in Curry Sauce

Three cups cubed cooked lamb, 1 onion, celery tops, 1 turnip, parsley, 1 carrot, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons curry powder 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper.

Break the bones of the roast and put into kettle with onion peeled and sliced, celery tops, turnip cut in cubes, parsley and sliced carrots. Cover with cold water and simmer thirty to sixty minutes. Strain and measure. There should be 2 cupsful. Melt butter and stir in flour and curry powder sifted together. Cook and stir until mixture bubbles. Slowly add stock, stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point and add diced meat. Heat thoroughly and serve in a border of hot, cooked rice.

To make a chartreuse, line a well buttered mold with cooked rice, making the rice about an inch thick. Fill with chopped meat combined with a few bread crumbs — ¼ cup crumbs to 2 cups meat — and enough water, stock or left-over gravy to pack solidly. Cover with rice and steam forty-five minutes. Turn out of pan and serve with tomato sauce.

This dried peach pudding is worth trying, too. You may like it with dried apricots in place of peaches.

Dried Peach Pudding

One cup dried peaches, ¼ cup butter or other shortening, ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon almond extract.

Wash peaches and put through coarse knife of food chopper. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in a few tablespoons sifted flour. Mix and sift remaining flour with salt, baking powder and soda. Add well beaten egg to first mixture. Mix well and add milk alternately with dry ingredients. Add flavoring and peaches and mix well. Turn into a well buttered mold and steam for one hour. Remove from steamer and put in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve warm with hot lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce

One-half cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, few grains salt, 1 cup boiling water, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg yolk.

Mix and sift sugar, cornstarch and salt. Stir in boiling water and cook and stir until mixture boils. Add grated rind of lemon and cook and stir for five minutes. Add butter and juice of lemon and remove from fire. Stir in egg yolk and serve warm.

The egg yolk is optional, of course, but it makes a yellow sauce that is very pretty with the pudding.

Sauerkraut and carrot salad will appeal to people who like the healthful kraut.

Sauerkraut and Carrot Salad

One cup sauerkraut, 1 cup grated raw carrot, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons flour, 2 teaspoons powdered sugar, few

grains cayenne pepper, 1 egg yolk, 6 teaspoons vinegar, ½ cup thick sour cream.

Mix mustard, salt, flour, sugar and pepper in top of double boiler. Stir in vinegar and cook over hot water until mixture thickens. Add egg yolk and remove from heat. Cool and add to cream, which has been beaten until stiff.

Mix kraut and carrots with dressing. Arrange in cups of lettuce and garnish with halves of walnuts or pecans.

Five-Star Pie

Chocolate has been a favorite flavor with the male contingent ever since cocoa beans were discovered in the tropical jungles. Since pie is another traditional preference of the gentlemen it's no wonder that a creamy smooth chocolate pie gets a five-star rating in dessert popularity when male palates do the judging. This delicacy is also a five-star favorite with the housewife if she makes it the quick, failure-proof way with sweetened condensed milk. Here's a recipe that takes only five minutes cooking, yet the filling is never too thick or too thin. It is always perfect made with this magic milk.

Chocolate Pie

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup water, baked pie shell (8-inch).

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk stirring over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

Fluffy Chocolate Pudding

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk, 1-3 cup water, 2 egg whites.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until mixture thickens. Remove from fire and add water. Let cool about 5 minutes. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile in sherbet glasses. Chill. Serves 6.

Equality

Women are now demanding equal rights with men. This amendment should include:

The right to two new suits and two hats a year.

The right to stand up whenever a man enters the room.

The right to spend the hot Summer days in town while the hubby is away at the seashore.

The right to pay for the taxi.

The right to pay alimony.

"I Had Crying Spells..."

says Mrs. Joseph Arsenault of Tracadie Cross, P. E. I.

"I am the mother of nine children. After the last baby was born I was weak and rundown. My friends said I looked horrid and I was afraid I was going to die. I could not eat or sleep until I took your good medicine. Now I feel like a new woman and take care of my family without any difficulty."

98 out of 100 Women Report Benefit. Why don't YOU try it?

Liquid and Tablet Form

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Issue No. 1 — '37

The Papers Say

EDITORIAL COMMENT FROM
HERE, THERE AND
EVERYWHERE.

CANADA

We Are Not Worried

If this continent was European rather than North American, Canadians, as citizens of a country which has yet to embark upon any really elaborate defensive program, might shake in their shoes as they witnessed their neighbors adding to naval and military forces. Knowing Uncle Sam as they do and appreciating his time-honored friendship and brotherhood, they do not, however, feel any fear over what he is doing in the way of protecting himself from possible attack.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Good Return

A Missouri woman advertised for a husband. She got one at a cost of two dollars. He enlisted in the army and was killed. She got \$3,000 in insurance and will get a widow's pension as long as she lives. Yet there are those who say advertising does not pay.—Calgary Albertan.

Nova Scotia's Apples

Nova Scotia's 1936 apple crop, estimated by the Dominion Department of Agriculture at 1,500,000 barrels, is 15% below last year's 1,800,000-barrel yield and is of less satisfactory quality. Windstorms in last Summer caused a loss of 100,000 barrels. Unfavorable weather in early Fall, marked by high winds and frosts, injured practically all the unpacked fruit estimated at another 25,000 barrels. Only about 60 per cent. of this year's crop is of sufficiently good quality for the export trade.—Sydney Post-Record.

Love Is Strong

It has been disclosed that three members of the Du Pont family contributed \$144,430 as their subscriptions to help defeat Roosevelt and recently the engagement of one of the Du Pont girls was announced to the youngest son of the President. Cupid's dart in this instance offset the monied ammunition.—Brantford Expositor.

Daylight Saving

The defeat of daylight saving in London and four other Western Ontario centres is a decisive indication that this district wants no more patchwork quilt time zones. Should the province as a whole adopt daylight saving the attitude might be different, but it is highly improbable that many Western Ontario communities will endeavor to carry out the scheme independently.

Toronto is large enough, and self-centred enough to be able to adopt daylight saving without too much regard to how it may affect outside interests. In Western Ontario, although the balance of population is swinging from the farm to the urban community, the countryside is still dominant and the towns and cities are very intimately related to the villages and townships, where daylight saving is regarded with great animosity.—London Free Press.

Smith Falls' plan to do away with slot-machines in that town by licensing all such places of business as pool rooms, restaurants, service stations, etc., at a one-dollar fee and then requiring them not to have or operate gambling devices, is creating wide attention in other towns. It looks as if many municipalities will pass by-laws similar to the Smith Falls enactment and somewhat similar to the Toronto City by-laws.—St. Mary's Journal-Argus.

Pea-Soup Fog

Vancouver has had so much fog this Winter that citizens haven't been able to look each other in the eye for nearly a month.—Regina Leader-Post.

Not a Claymore Flashed!

L. W. Brockington, K.C., seemingly wants to bring on a war between the Welsh and the Scotch. He, a native Welshman, in proposing a toast at St. Andrew's dinner in Winnipeg, described haggis as a "small sculptured image of the Loch Ness monster" and the best example of "gastronomical proportional representation I know." If he were cast on a desert island with a haggis and were faced with either starvation or haggis, haggis would be his second choice. He said all of this without a blade

being flashed at his body or a drop of blood—or Scotch—being spilled.—Lethbridge Herald.

At the Crossings

Railways are quite justified in resorting to prosecution in crossing accidents where carelessness is to blame, as it is in the majority of cases. Apart altogether from the prevention standpoint, there is the ever-present danger that trains might be derailed, and trainmen or passengers killed. Such derailments have occurred and will occur again. Whether or not there are derailments, schedules are disrupted by these accidents.

Then the continual possibility of crossing crashes is exceedingly hard on the nervous system of the engine crew, who endure enough strain without having it increased by careless motorists.

Because of these and other reasons the railways are perfectly justified in resorting to any and all means that will put a brake on carelessness at the wheel. And prosecution is undoubtedly one of these.—St. Thomas Times Journal.

Back to the Old

After a year's experiment Harvard University has dropped the word "catalog" and returned to the use of "catalogue." Thus another defeat for simplified spelling may be catalogued.—London Free Press.

Tender-Hearted

"Soft-hearted fellows, some of these hunters. They set forth to slaughter a deer, and instead sit up all night feeding the kitty."—San Francisco Chronicle. We have even known some who spent hours and hours resting and nursing their dogs.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

THE EMPIRE

"Dreadful Stuff"

People who tune their wireless sets into any one of Australia's multitude of wave lengths must often wonder how or if, their controlling authorities think. It is not often we are privileged to see into their minds. One, however, has given us a fleeting glimpse behind the veil by admitting candidly that he is sometimes disappointed with some of the broadcast programmes, and that he thinks crooning is "dreadful stuff." Fortunately, or easy to please, is he who is only disappointed sometimes, and then only with some of the programmes. He, however, reinstates his reputation for artistic taste who de-

Miner to Try For Fame on Stage



Robert W. Nicholson, Welshman, employed in an Australian mine, as he arrived in New York for two years of intensive study to cultivate his baritone voice. He was discovered by Tenor Richard Crooks.

scribes crooning as dreadful stuff. "Dreadful stuff" is a very moderate and forbearing estimate of that most exasperating and dolorous noise called crooning. The only really satisfactory terms for it belong to the vocabulary that custom and the police regulations do not permit in print for public circulation. The language of our troops in Flanders, of the bullock driver, and the golfer can all provide suitable estimates of crooning. Since, however, they are forbidden, "dreadful stuff" or, say, "abominable noise" must suffice, feeble though they are.—The Australian.

Sparrows in the Crystal Palace

Writes Ivanhoe in the Winnipeg Tribune:—The destruction of the Crystal Palace by fire removes from the British scene a building of historic importance. It was the re-erection on a large scale of a glass palace built in Hyde Park, London to accommodate the Great Exhibition of 1851.

In such an example of international co-operation the Prince Consort

hoped to persuade the peoples of the world that in the lucrative arts of peace rather than in the destructive panoply of war lay their moral and spiritual salvation. It took three years for Albert the Good to convince the commercial magnates of London and the mayors of the industrial towns in provincial districts of the advertising value of his scheme, but, at last, after storms of opposition, the money was subscribed and Hyde Park was chosen as the site for the exhibition.

Both the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria were greatly taken with a design submitted by Sir Joseph Paxton. It was on a vast scale—a conservatory 1,608 feet long, 21 acres in area, all of glass, to be erected on frames and girdles of iron painted bright blue, and high enough to include the trees growing on the site chosen. It cost £1,540,000.

This plan was adopted; the crystal palace arose as if by magic, articles of commerce from the ends of the earth and mechanical inventions illustrating the progress of science flowed into the immense show-place beneath the glass dome.

The exhibition was an instant, a prodigious success. The Queen open-

ed it on May 1, 1851, and wrote in her Journal that it was the happiest, proudest day of her life, "the greatest day in English history," because this, her dear Albert's dream, was consummated in face of stubborn opposition.

Between May and October a profit of £186,000 was realized and of this amount the sum of £50,000 was used to buy thirty acres of land around about the present Exhibition Road in Kensington. On this property stands today not only the Albert Hall but a score of museums and educational institutions. The land thus acquired in 1852 is, of course, worth millions today.

During the early course of the Great Exhibition there was only one incident that worried the Prince and the Queen. When the dome of glass was built over the trees of Hyde Park quite a number of sparrows were enclosed. An unfortunate consequence was the trouble the birds caused the exhibitors of the marvels of art and industry. They complained to the superintendent; the superintendent did not know how to get rid of the pests. If he or his men attempted to shoot them, the glass in the roof or sides of the palace would be broken.

So the superintendent carried his problem to the foot of the Throne. He told the Prince Consort about the plague of sparrows and Prince Albert shared his anxiety with the Queen. In difficulties Queen Victoria always sent for the Duke of Wellington; he was a plain-spoken adviser and he was a fountain of commonsense. The Queen herself told the Duke about the annoying sparrows and asked him what should be done. "Try sparrow-hawks, Ma'am," he replied, with his usual sagacity.

Hay Spoiled By Careless Baling

Market hay producers in Eastern Canada hurt the reputation and saleability of their product in export markets through baling practices which are either careless or fail to recognize market preference and prejudices. Proper baling, as well as quality, have an influence on the saleability and price of hay in most markets, and when, as has frequently been the case in recent years, conditions of supply and demand have enabled buyers to pick and choose, this influence becomes doubly important.

Practically every buyer prefers bales of uniform size and weight, neatly tied and not too heavily pressed. Most United States markets available to Eastern Canada prefer bales weighing not over 125 to 130 pounds. Too frequently Canadian hay is heavily pressed into bales weighing upwards of 200 pounds, and often with angular, ragged ends through the use of bale ties of uneven lengths. This is usually done to save wire, but often reduces the market value much in excess of the saving. Such bales are heavy and awkward for one man to handle, as well as being unattractive in appearance. The very heavily pressed hay does not "shake out" so well as when more lightly pressed, and is more likely to spoil in warm storage, especially if any surface moisture from rain, snow or other source is present.

While market outlets are restricted as compared with earlier times, more careful attention to the baling and to the loading of cars with a uniform kind and quality of hay would assist in obtaining the broadest possible outlet for Canadian surpluses.

Boy Is Expert In Home Economics

Not satisfied with forming a home economics class of their own and invading the girls' sacred precincts, the boys of Goshen Township High school at Damascus, O., will see one of their number represent the northeastern section of the state at the Ohio Home Economics Association convention in Columbus next spring.

Roland Cronick, a senior, is the first boy to be elected a delegate to a state home economics convention. He was given that honor at a recent regional conference in Kent, O., where he appeared as a speaker.

Miss Daisy Stackhouse, who teaches the home economics class, says the boys in the class show rare promise in their culinary pursuits.

Britain expects to increase automobile manufacture by 150,000 cars in 1937.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER GIVING YOUR WIFE A LECTURE ON BEING BUSINESSLIKE IN SHOPPING, AND ALWAYS MAKING SURE OF THE PRICE AND VALUE BEFORE PURCHASING, YOU START OFF WITHOUT YOUR CHANGE

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CLASSIFIED ADS

TENDERS WANTED

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Saturday noon January 9th, 1937, for ten cords of 24-inch hardwood delivered at the school house of S.S. No. 2 Anson, on or before March 1st, 1937.

Also tenders for caretaking of said school, duties to commence at once.

Tenders to be sealed and marked "Tender for Wood" or "Tenders for Caretaking" as the case may be, and addressed to the undersigned. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. J. HEWITT, Sec'y
Minden P. O.

ASSESSOR WANTED

Applications will be received by the undersigned up to Friday, January 8th, 1937, for the position of Assessor for the Townships of Anson and Hindon. State salary desired.

S. W. WELCH, Clerk

FOR SALE

Established Butcher Route (retail) together with Ford Truck, One Large Refrigerator, set of Computing Scales and other equipment. Real bargain for Cash. For particulars apply to EDGAR BENTHAM

Box J, Haliburton, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

1932 Ford V8 Coupe, rumble seat, in excellent condition, good tires. A bargain for quick sale.

1929 Durant 4 Coach.

1930 Chevrolet Heavy Duty Truck, good tires.

Will exchange for cordwood, dry or green spruce or poplar pulpwood, birch bolts, posts, etc.

WANTED dry, peeled poplar pulpwood for excelsior purposes.

G. W. BARR & SON
Phone 55-21, Gooderham

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Two sets heavy harness, one set almost new and extra heavy. Made to order by the Ackerman Harness Co. Also one heavy Waggon.

T. C. PRENTICE
Minden

FOR SALE

World-wide Marconi Radios, 1937 models just out, improved battery and electric sets at lower prices. Metallic roofing at a reasonable discount.

A. Langdon Minden

FOR SERVICE

Pure bred Hereford Bull, Aldon Gay Monk, No. 96993, will be kept for service at Lot 2, Con. 1, Anson. \$1.50 at time of service.

ALFRED COX

FOR SERVICE

Pure bred Hereford Bull, Aldon Gay Monk, No. 94027, will be kept for service at Lot 7, Con. 4, Minden. \$1.50 at time of service.

ALFRED COX

FOR SERVICE

A thoroughbred Berkshire Boar No. BROWN4 will be kept for service at Lot 11, Con. 11, Snowdon. Terms \$1.50 at time of service.

EDWARD FRANCIS

FOR SERVICE

Pure bred boar is being kept for service at Lot 7, Con. A, Anson.

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Saws gummed and sharpened
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buggy wheels

ALFRED BOWMAN
4 VICTORIA AVE. LINDSA

Showered Bride-to-be

A very happy event took place on the afternoon of Dec. 21st, at the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Thomas, when a number of the lady friends of Miss Marjorie Hazzard gathered to offer her good wishes and a miscellaneous shower, previous to her marriage on December 23rd.

The first hour was spent in social chat, while busy fingers hemmed dusters and made pot-holders, which were later added to the shower. A mock marriage was next on the programme which was a great source of amusement, with Mrs. J. Robertson at the piano, Mrs. B. Gould in the capacity of bride-groom, while Mrs. R. Nichol made a charming bride. Mrs. Thomas, passing as the bride's father very politely gave her away. Little Miss Joan Thomas acted as train bearer in a most capable manner, while one of the ladies in disguise performed the ceremony.

Congratulations over, an address was read to Miss Marjorie by Mrs. Windsor, while the presents were showered around her by Miss Jean Gould and Miss Jean Thomas.

The new bride and groom assisted Marjorie in unwrapping the parcels, and the reading of the rhymes found within. They were then passed around the room for inspection—a fine variety of towels, cushions, china, glass, tinware, etc., also a beautiful quilt the gift of a friend.

The crowd being called to order, Miss Marjorie expressed her appreciation most heartily, not forgetting to give all a cordial invitation to visit her whenever convenient to do so.

Mrs. Thomas, with the two Jeans, then served a delicious lunch, topping it off with an abundance of candy.

The following is the address:

Dear Marjorie, it is quite plain to see that you very soon a bride will be; Your Dickie bird be groomed and caged.

His charming song should improve with age.

For a number of years you have travelled on our streets.

A pattern for other young girls to meet;

You have cheered us all with your sunny smile,

You have been willing to go the second mile.

In this valley with skies so blue,

Lakes so lovely and friends so true,

A fairy waved his magic wand,

And Dick was holding Marjorie's hand.

But that wicked fairy flew so fast,

That with face a sober as a monk,

Poor Dick was left alone to ask

The all important question.

It seems to be the way of life, however,

For two young souls to knit together.

The frequent storms of life to weather;

May your cares, Marjorie, be ever light.

Of gifts, we've brought you quite a few,

And when cooking dinner just for two

We trust that they will bring to you

Memories of friends who have proved true.

So now where'er you may roam,

Be it far afield or nearer home,

We just will claim you for our own

In fair or cloudy weather.

Go write your story, page by page,

From happy youth to middle age,

And then on down to gray haired sage

May love lighten every labor.

Signed on behalf of your friends

of the Hill and Valley Community, Haliburton, Ont.

Tory Hill

The annual Christmas Tree and concert was held in the United Church under the auspices of the Public School and Sunday School was a decided success. Everyone enjoyed the programme. The church was nicely decorated in green and red and evergreen boughs. Mr. Harold Herlihey was chairman for the evening. He spoke briefly, encouraging the teacher and pupils in their efforts to make such social functions a success. A vote of appreciation was tendered to Miss Pearce for her efforts in training the children.

The dance held in Anderson's Hall on Christmas night was attended by a number in the village and surrounding community.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Short and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Short spent Christmas at the home of Mr. R. C. Short.

Mr. and Mrs. Russel Johnston of Haliburton spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. M. McCrea and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson left on Thursday last to spend the Christ-

mas vacation with their daughters in Toronto.

Mrs. VanWinckle, sister of Mrs. F. Herlihey, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Herlihey.

Gooderham

Miss Leonia Pickens of Irondale is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mr. Allan Madill left for Montreal on Saturday where he has secured work on the C.N.R.

The Christmas entertainment was well attended and proceeds were large.

The Orange Lodge put on a dance Christmas night in their hall here and drew a large crowd.

Miss Roseline Welsh of Toronto is holidaying at J. E. Hunter's.

Miss Gladys Wait of Toronto is spending a couple of weeks with her mother here.

Mr. D. Pollard and son, William, spent Christmas in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. McGill.

The snow has nearly all gone here and we have ice roads everywhere.

Mr. Harold Hill of Lochlin was in the village on business.

Mr. W. T. Robson and M. Robson of Fenelon Falls were business visitors here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Barr and Ralph spent Christmas and the weekend with Mrs. Barr's parents at Bexley.

Miss Venetta Pickens of Toronto is holidaying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pickens here.

Mrs. J. Godfrey had the misfortune to fall on the ice on Saturday, fracturing several ribs. Dr. Frost of Kinmount was called and we trust Mrs. Godfrey will soon be around again.

The funeral of Mr. Ben Wright of Highland Grove was held here on Wednesday. The service was in charge of Rev. Ashdown.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Rachael Kinnear and family desire to take this opportunity of expressing their deep appreciation of the sympathy and kindness extended to them by their friends and neighbors of Haliburton and Victoria Counties at the time of their recent bereavement.

Snowdon Council Minutes

Council met Dec. 17th. All members present.

Minutes of Sept. 10th were read.

Hoyle—McElwain—that minutes be adopted.—Cd.

Correspondence was read and filed.

Milburn—Gilbert—that petition be passed and has the approval of the full council in regards to highway re Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Irondale to Wilberforce.—

Hoyle—McElwain—that Chas. Minkler receive \$2.00 to keep culvert open to keep road clear of ice; pay to come out of Division 5 money next summer.—Cd.

Gilbert—Milburn—that Frank McMahon get \$10.00 for Relief clothing.—Cd.

Hoyle—McElwain—that Simmons be notified to keep boiler and try and make payments.—Cd.

Hoyle—McElwain—that sheep be paid re Davis and Vick.—Cd.

Gilbert—Hoyle—that Frank Hamilton be paid his account re relief.—Cd.

By-Laws Nos. IV and V were given their first, second and third readings.

Hoyle—McElwain—that pay sheets be passed.—Cd.

Milburn—Hoyle—that we adjourn to meet y statute.—Cd.

GEO. SCHRADER, Clerk

ARE YOU ONE?

According to statistics only one in every five drivers is guilty of burning up the highway in his or her car at a greater rate than 50 miles an hour. However, in tests made it was discovered that speeds are going up, with the average speed of motor cars being 40 and 45 miles per hour. This should correct the mistaken idea of some the everybody who sits behind the steering wheel of a motor car is a speed fiend.—Ex.

FOR SALE

Pair of boots and skates, size 4½ good as new, bargain. Apply at ECHO OFFICE

NORTHERN INSURANCE AGENCY

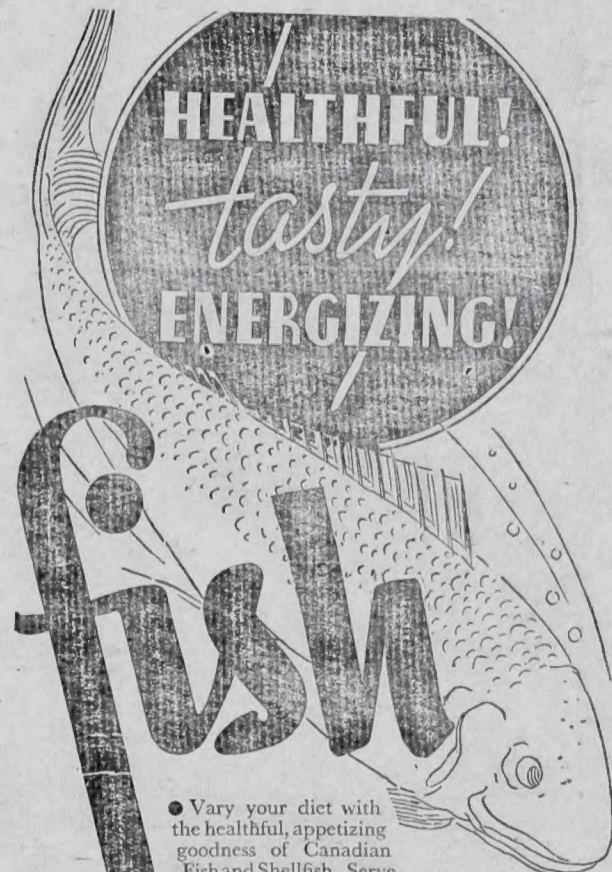
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DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES OTTAWA

SALT FISH DE LUXE

1 1-lb. package of boneless cod or other Canadian salt fish freshened.
3/4 cup of hot water 2 hard-boiled eggs
1/2 tsp. of pepper 1 tsp. of dry mustard
Flake freshened fish into pieces. Turn three-quarter cup of hot water in which fish was freshened, over fish, which has been placed on platter or shallow dish. Sprinkle with teaspoon of dry mustard and half teaspoon of pepper. Chop hard-boiled eggs over fish and dot generously with butter. Serve with tomato sauce.

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Ingoldsby

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hicks and children spent Christmas at Beaverton.

Mrs. R. H. Baker, who has been quite ill, is recovering nicely.

Misses Kathleen, Verna and Gladys Crofts spent the holiday with their parents. Miss Gladys is remaining for a short time.

A number from here attended the Nominations in Minden on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Burke spent a few days in the City last week.

The teachers of School Sections 1 and 2 held very successful concerts before school closed for the holidays.

Mr. C. Campbell and Johnnie Mink of Toronto are spending a few days in the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Toronto are occupying Mr. Bamforth's cottage for a few days.

Miss Mima Fielding spent the holiday week-end with her parents.

LOCAL LINES

We would be pleased to have any items of local interest for this Column.

Mrs. Allen Hobden of Norland spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blair.

Miss Muriel Evans of Toronto was a holiday visitor with her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) R. R. Bonis.

Miss Carrie Jones of Toronto spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Harry Welch.

Mr. Don Hartle of Toronto spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hartle.

Miss Alice Prentice of Toronto is spending the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Prentice.

Mrs. H. McKay of Toronto is at her home here owing to the illness of her father Mr. John Gouldie.

Mr. Reg. Hamilton of Ottawa was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Welch for Christmas.

We are pleased to report that Mr. John Gouldie, who became critically ill a few days ago, is making gradual recovery.

Misses Mildred and Leona Windover of Toronto spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Windover.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nichol and Miss Nancy of Toronto and Mr. William Palmer of Ridgeway were holiday visitors in Minden.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fairfield and daughters, Misses Mildred and Muriel, of Fenelon Falls spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. L. Walling, at Haliburton.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Crowe motored to Orangeville for Christmas with her relatives. They were accompanied by Mr. Wm. Morrow, who has been visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Lovett and Glen and Mr. Jack Coeybeare all of Barrie and Miss Olive Coeybeare of Toronto spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Easton.

Dr. M. R. Crowe, dentist, will be at Haliburton all day Monday and Tuesday morning and at Minden Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week.

Stores Closed Today

For the first time in many years, Minden merchants are observing New Year's Day, and their places of business are closed all day today (Friday).

Found Dead in Bed

Thomas Carnochan, an aged resident of Dorset, was found dead in bed at his home on December 18th. Mr. Carnochan resided alone some distance from neighbors, and it is believed he passed away on the previous Sunday as it had been his habit to mark each day on the calendar, and these markings stopped on the Sunday. His wife predeceased him several years ago. He is survived by three sons, Thomas and David of Haliburton and Gordon of Kirkland Lake. One son died in service overseas.

Haliburton Week of Prayer

The services for the Week of Prayer in Haliburton will be as follows:

Mon., Jan. 4—Anglican Church
Tues., Jan. 5—S. A. Hall
Wed., Jan. 6—Baptist Church
Thurs., Jan. 7—United Church
Fri., Jan. 8—Anglican Church
All services will commence at 8.00 p.m. All are invited.

IN MEMORIAM

GARTSHORE—in loving memory of my dear wife, Mae Gartshore, who departed this life December 27, 1935. One year has gone, how swift time flies.

Love's sweet memory never dies, I miss her help, her cheery ways With her I spent my happy days, I miss her when I need a friend On her I always could depend She cheered my life, she soothed my pain

God grant some day we'll meet again. Sadly missed by her husband,
LORAN

OBITUARY

ELIZABETH COWEN

Death removed from the community of Blairhampton on December 10th a very highly respected resident in the person of Elizabeth Cowen, beloved wife of George Cowen. The deceased although stricken with a stroke some twenty-four years ago, was always bright and cheerful, until about two weeks before her death when she was stricken with pneumonia.

The late Mrs. Cowen was in her sixty-seventh year and was born in Port Perry in the year 1869. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Warran, and had resided in Blairhampton some sixty years.

She leaves to mourn her loss her sorrowing husband, four daughters and two sons, namely, Mrs. Vernie McKnight (Ethel) of Allsaw, Mrs. Jack McKnight (Louisa) of Blairhampton, Mrs. Chas. Davis (Annie) of Port Hope, Mrs. John Kirkpatrick (Hazel) of Haliburton, William of Donald and John of Blairhampton.

The funeral was held from her late residence at Blairhampton on Sunday, December 13th, in charge of her pastor, Rev. Mr. Clayton of Minden, to Twelve Mile Lake Cemetery.

Irondale

Mr. Jacob Graham is wearing a smile these days. It's a boy.

Messrs. J. Dexter, A. Yateman, Noble, Jim and Keith Wright were visitors in Lindsay last Thursday.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Ben Wright in the loss of his wife, who passed away at the Bancroft Hospital on Sunday.

Miss Jennie Rumble and Miss Jane Vanderburg of Richmond Hill are spending the Christmas holidays with the former's sister, Mrs. P. H. Proctor.

Mr. R. Peacock and Miss Margaret of Gelet were visitors at Mr. Joseph Graham's the last of the week.

Messrs. Edward and Geo. Simmons Herbert and Joe Hancock were in Lindsay one day last week.

Mr. Wilson of Cameron spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Y. C. Graham.

Mrs. Woermke and Miss Pearl are visiting in North Bay.

Miss Mary Proctor and Mr. Wm. Proctor spent the past two weeks at Richmond Hill, where the latter was assisting in the Post Office.

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CHURCH NOTES

For Next Sunday

ST. PAUL'S—MINDEN

Rev. R. R. Bonis, E.A.

Holy Communion, Minden... 11.00 a.m.
Sunday School, Minden... 2.00 p.m.
Sunday School, Scotch Line... 2.00 p.m.
Holy Communion, Scotch Line... 3 p.m.
Holy Communion, Gelet... 7.30 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH—MINDEN

Rev. G. M. Clayton

SUNDAY SCHOOL
Minden, E. A. Rogers, Supt... 2.00 p.m.
Carnarvon, T. H. Rogers Supt. 2.30 p.m.
Maple Lake, N. Owens, Supt... 2.30 p.m.

CHURCH SERVICE
Blairhampton... 11 a.m.
Maple Lake... 1.30 p.m.
Carnarvon... 3.30 p.m.
Minden—Special Christmas Service 7 p.m.

Mid-week Service—
Minden Y.P.U., Wed... 8 p.m.

ANGELICAN MISSION—BOSKUNG

Rev. A. W. Abraham, Lth.

West Gullford... 11 a.m.

St. Peter's, Maple Lake... 3 p.m.

St. Stephen's, Boskung and

Hall's Lake... 7.30 p.m.

UNITED CHURCH—HALIBURTON

Rev. C. L. Brown, B.A., B.D.

Donald... 11.00 a.m.

Lochlin... 2.30 p.m.

Haliburton... 7.00 p.m.

SALVATION ARMY—HALIBURTON

Sunday Services

Holiness... 11 a.m.

Sunday School... 3 p.m.

Salvation Meeting... 7 p.m.

Week Night

Monday, 7 p.m. Young People's

Tuesday, 8 p.m. Prayer Meeting

Every Second Wed., 8 p.m. Harburn

Thursday, 2.30 p.m. W. "Home L'ge"

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THE MINDEN ECHO
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
W. MACARTHUR, EDITOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

THE SON OF GOD BECOMES MAN.—John 1: 1-51.
Golden TEXT. — The word became flesh, and dwelt among us. John 1: 14.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING
Time. — The prologue of John's Gospel extends back to eternity. The birth of Jesus and of John the Baptist took place in B.C. 5. The ministry of John the Baptist and the early ministry of Jesus here recorded are all to be placed in January and February, A.D. 27.

Place. — Practically everything in this lesson took place in Bethany beyond Jordan.

2. The same was in the beginning with God. This is simply an emphatic summary of the preceding verse.

3. All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made. Notice carefully that the Word was not made. There was no time when he was without existence.

4. In him was life. No one knows today what life is, but we do know life when we see it. In Christ is every form of life—intellectual, moral, spiritual, and eternal. And the life was the light of men. Here John passes from the relation of the Word to the world at large to his relationship to men.

5. And the light shineth in the darkness. Darkness is the result of sin and the environment in which sin flourishes; in the dark men stumble, and are possessed by fear. Yet God's grace does not cease where darkness has fallen. And the darkness apprehended it not. However powerful the hold of sin upon men might be, and however deep the darkness Satan has created, nevertheless that darkness has never been able to extinguish the light of God's truth and grace in Jesus Christ!

6. There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John. "The Baptist was the final recapitulation of all prophetic forces concerning Christ, the great witness of Christ's Advent, the Forerunner."

7. The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe through him. "Belief rests on testimony. John's testimony turned men's eyes to Christ and convinced those who believed (cf. 4: 42)."

8. He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light. All ministers and Sunday School teachers should remember that they themselves are "not the light," but are simply sent to "bear witness of the light"—all of our ministry and teaching of the Word is simply to point men to the light, the Lord Jesus Christ.

9. There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world. "If John meant, as I believe he did mean, that there is a light that lighteth every man, that no man is utterly finally without light; and that, when Jesus came, that light, in some new sense, came into the world, then I think I have here a clear and remarkable statement of the truth that there is some measure of light in every human below, irrespective of incidental differences."

10. He was in the world, and the world was made through him, and the world knew him not. 11. He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not. When the Creator himself, the Word of God, came into the world, the world knew him not. (Cf. Rom. 1: 19, 20.) The phrase "his own" is more accurately translated in the margin "his own things," and refers principally to the kingdom of Israel, which was his by right, and the land of Israel, which was also his, and all the things pertaining to the temple and the worship of Jehovah, including the priesthood. The phrase, "they that were his own," refers to the people of Israel in general.

12. But as many as received him. "This refers not only to the people of Israel, but to all men elsewhere—the individual relationship takes the place of the national." To them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name. This is one place in the Gospel where we find the phrase, "children of God," which is often found in the same writer's First Epistle (especially chapters 3 and 5). It is true that all men are the children of God by creation, but all men are also prodigals, who have left the

Father, who have forfeited their rights, and who, by their sins, have no right to the privileges of sonship.

13. Who were born. The margin more accurately translates "who were begotten," this birth referring, of course, not to our first and natural birth, but to our second and spiritual birth, by which we are made the sons of God, which spiritual birth is one not of blood, i.e., it is not a physical birth, the blood being mentioned as the seat of natural life. Nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, i.e., not by the human will controlled by fleshly nature. But of God. "The higher, spiritual, eternal life is the immediate gift of God. To obtain it, that divine begetting is needed by which God communicates his own nature."

14. And the Word became flesh. The Word did not cease to be God when he became flesh, but when he was made in the likeness of sinful flesh (Rom. 8: 3), which means, of course, that he became a man, he then was both God and man. And dwelt among us. "The original word describes properly the occupation of a temporary habitation. The tent or tabernacle was easily fixed and easily removed, and hence it furnished a natural term for man's bodily frame."—(And we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father.) The glory of God is such part of his majesty, and power, and grace as men are able to behold. Men saw in Christ such manifestations of power, holiness, and grace, and majesty that he had a glory like unto that which men beheld in God the Father. Full of grace and truth. "In the Old Testament, the two essential features which, in John's view, distinguish the human life and the Word made flesh.

15. John beareth witness of him. The Baptist's testimony to Christ is recorded by all of the evangelists (Matt. 3: 1-12; Mark 1: 1-8; Luke 3: 1-20). And crieth, saying, This was he of whom I said, He that cometh after me is become before me. In other words, his successor has become his predecessor. Though he came after John in point of time, he really became one superior to John in influence, in holiness of character, and in finality of his mission. For he was before me. "The original phrase is very remarkable; it expresses not only relative, but absolute priority.

16. For of his fulness we all received. "As Christ has all the fullness of God (Col. 1: 19; 2: 9), the church has all the fullness of Christ. John is here looking back and stating that he and all the other believers were simply empty vessels which Christ had filled. And grace for grace. "Each blessing appropriated became the foundation of a greater blessing."

17. For the law was given through Moses; grace and truth came through Jesus Christ. Grace and truth are superior to law and the One who brought grace and truth to man is infinitely superior to the one through whom the law was given.

18. No man hath seen God at any time. The meaning here is that no man has ever beheld God with his physical eye, because infinite spirit cannot be the object of human, natural vision (Deut. 4: 12). The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father. Literally the preposition here is "into," suggesting the tender, intimate relation between children and parents or bosom friends. Christ's relationship to the Father is one of closest fellowship in knowledge and love. Christ as the only begotten Son of God, knowing God as no other being ever could know him, living with God from eternity, dwelling in the very bosom of God's love, is certainly one who can unveil the glory and truth of God the Father.

Speed

(Leonard Lyons, in New York Post)
Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers, phoned Dixie Tighe Tuesday and asked her to write a book for them—a biography of the new King of England. "We want 50,000 words—and no padding. And we must have the completed manuscript by Saturday. Will you do it?" "Oh, no—I can't," Miss Tighe replied. "You see, that would leave me Thursday, Friday and Saturday free and I just wouldn't know what to do with the idle time!"

"Grand Duke" Arrested



Decked in "ducal" garments, the man pictured claimed to be Grand Duke Michael Romanoff, heir to the fortune of the czars of Russia, when he was arrested on bunco charges in Hollywood, Calif.

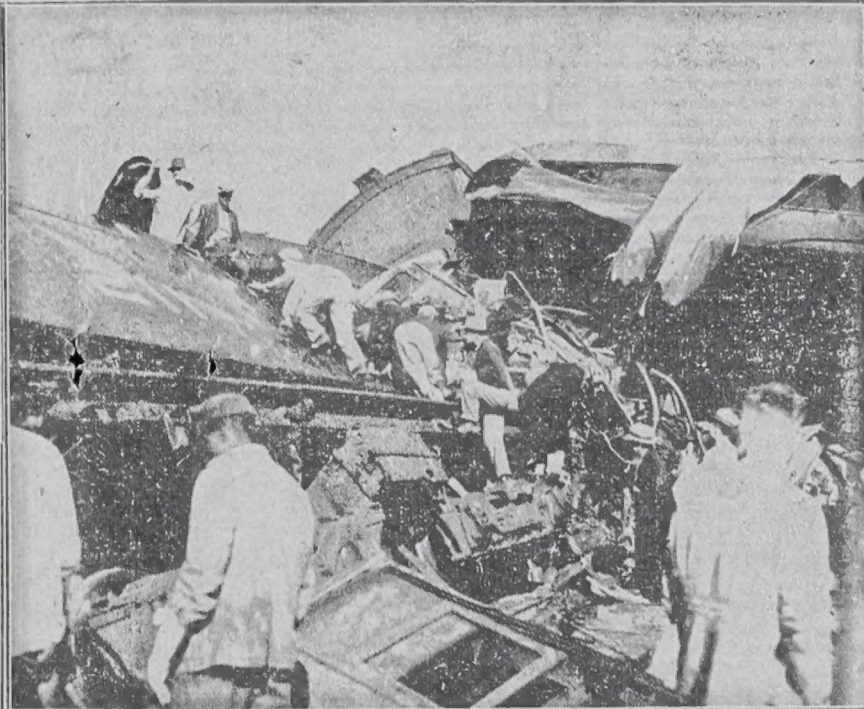
"Mechanical inventions may occasion large-scale dislocations of labor with periods of unemployment which compel society to step in and assist in the economic readjustment."
—James R. Angell.

Bombs Spread Havoc in Madrid



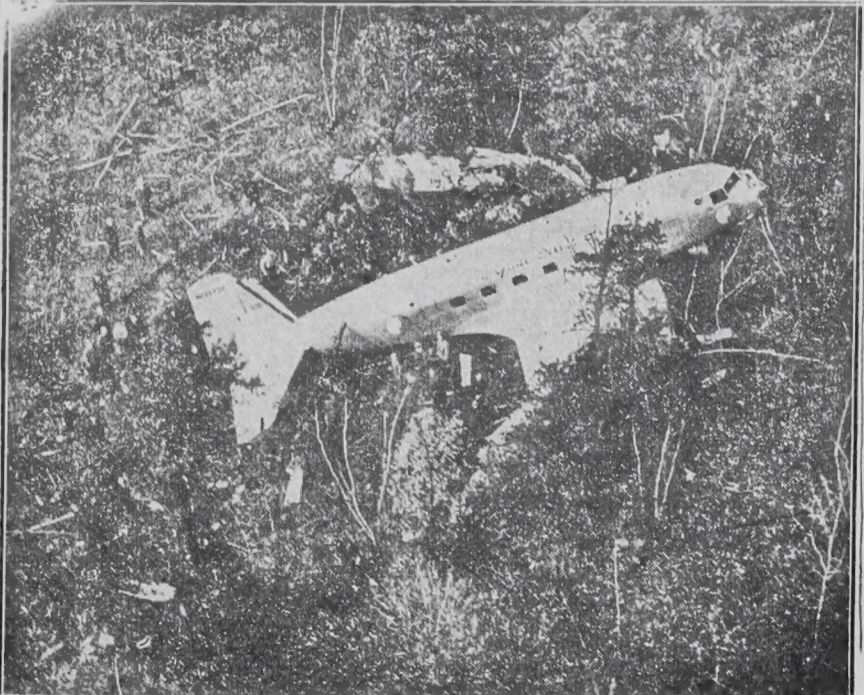
A view of the street in the Spanish capital, showing the devastation wrought by aerial bombs and artillery fire in almost daily bombardments. Despite the terrific hammering the city has received from rebel forces, it is no nearer to capture than it was a month ago. The death toll cannot be estimated, owing to difficulty of extracting victims from wrecked buildings.

Engineer Killed in Train Wreck



The engineer of this train was instantly killed following a collision near Mobile, Alabama. Rescue workers are shown clambering over the wreck searching for any possible victims that might have been hidden near the debris.

Airliner Wrecked by Crash



Here is the wreckage of the Eastern Air Lines transport aeroplane that crashed into the side of a mountain near Port Jervis, N.Y. Dick Merrill, famed transatlantic flier, who was at the controls, saved the lives of himself and the eight passengers aboard the aeroplane by making a pancake landing after the craft had torn off its wings as it plowed through trees on the mountainside. None of the passengers was injured and Merrill himself was only slight hurt.



Three years ago a young crocodile used in nature studies classes at the University of Toronto snapped a section of glass tubing from the hands of a student and swallowed it. After three years the crocodile developed quite a tummy-ache and specialists were called in. The saurian was taken to Dr. Alan Secord's veterinary hospital, where he and Alex, Anderson of the General Electric X-ray department located the tubing with the aid of a fluoroscope. Dr. Secord removed it with long forceps and the crocodile is as well as ever.

Ingenious Inventor

A Chelsea dentist, Mr. E. Hugh Clark, has invented a combined torch and mirror attachment that will prove invaluable to dentists, doctors, mechanics, laboratory workers and all who labor among complicated and hidden machinery. The value of the invention lies in its simplicity. The torch is provided with a telescopic arm, to which is hinged a mirror. The arm can be bent so as to go round corners, and the distance between the mirror and torch can be adjusted by a tiny button near the hand. When the mirror rounds a bend, the light still plays on it, being reflected there by the telescopic metal rod, made of stainless steel.

Catching Up On Girls

It begins to look as if the boys are going to catch up on the girls in England and Wales, observes the Calgary Herald. For years there have

been more women than men, but that may be changing. The estimated population is put at 40,645,000, consisting of 19,500,000 males and 21,145,000 females. In 1931 the total was 39,947,931 — 19,138,844 males and 20,809,086 females. This means that while there is an increase of 335,913 in the number of females, males have increased by 361,156. Still there is a long hard pull ahead of the boys.

Ruskin and the Bagpipes

The San Francisco Argonaut writes:—John Ruskin, who was something of a radical in his peculiar way, once wrote that he cared no more for the two greatest British statesmen of his day. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, than he did for two bagpipers droning by steam. Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, thought that the steam engine was a curse, that the railway was a curse, and that all modern machinery was a curse, and he did all in his power, which, it must be admitted, was not very much, to make those things unpopular in England.

Mr. Ruskin knew a great deal about art. He could discourse on Modern Painters, on The Stones of Venice and on The Seven Lamps of Architecture in a fashion that nobody who listened to him could ever forget; and he knew that two bagpipers droning by steam did not give forth music. But we wish that he had expressed an opinion on the subject of bagpipes droning by the effort of pipers. Doubtless this man who was not ordinarily canny was too canny to express an opinion on the subject.

Kindness to Animals

(Christian Science Monitor)
Visiting Paris for the first time, when he had for companions, Charles Dickens and Henry Chorley, Arthur Sullivan and Rossini.

The old maestro took a warm interest in young Sullivan, and would play to him and give him valuable advice, especially with reference to dramatic music. One morning Sullivan found Rossini at the piano, trying a new composition.

"What have you been writing, Maestro?"

"A little piece, composed expressly for my dog. It's her birthday, and I always celebrate the occasion by composing a piece, which I dedicate to her, and of which she does me the honor to approve."

Picture postcards originated in Germany.

Talking To The Home Team

Observes the Chicago Daily News: The most accomplished fumbler in the National League might be a dubious asset for our Chicago Cubs, who, from time to time have appeared to be amply fortified in the fumbling department. Nevertheless there will be those who will welcome the appearance in a Cub uniform of Linus Frey, late of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Mr. Frey, who led the National League in errors with 51, has been acquired by the Cubs through a trade. Manager Grimm hopes that Mr. Frey can keep from being hit on the head by line drives long enough to get acclimated at third base and gain a bit of confidence. If he can, Manager Grimm believes, he will fill a long-felt want.

It seems that, in his Brooklyn debut, Frey stopped a base hit with one eye. This so amused the Brooklyn fans that, thereafter, every time a ball was hit in Frey's direction they shouted "duck". Off to a bad start, Frey tried to atone for it by going after every ball hit to the infield, with the result that he accumulated errors on balls which most players would have let pass with expressions of resignation.

It will be no new sight to see a fumbler in the Cub infield, but if Mr. Frey continues to hustle he will be a bit of a novelty on the north side. He may even inspire some of his lackadaisical teammates to step out and commit a few errors of their own.

War Horses

Comments the New York Times:—German cities have lately paraded their old war horses and have presented each of them with a little sack of oats and an enamel label with the word *Kriegskamrad* on it, so that anybody who meets one of these horses on the road will know it is a survivor of the Great War.

The British have begun to buy up the two hundred of their old army horses and mules which were sold in Belgium after the war and are still alive and working. As they are over 20 and have been worked hard, few are now fit for further service. Some are in such bad shape that they are painlessly destroyed as soon as bought. Others are retired.

These horses may be the last to play a part in the actual fighting in any major war. With mechanization steadily increasing, the ordeal of strapping gas masks on a maddened gun team becomes a nightmare of the past.

Smiles and Chuckles

MAY YOU FIND PLEASURE AND PROFIT IN THE YEAR

Mrs. Gabley—This morning Mrs. Crabbe told me the very gossip I asked you not to repeat to anyone because I promised Mrs. Bone I wouldn't tell.

Mrs. Jabber—Why the mean thing! She promised me she wouldn't tell a soul. I'll certainly tell her a thing or two.

Mrs. Gabley—Oh, no. Don't do that. I told her I wouldn't tell you she had told me you told her.

You've heard the axiom: "If you want to get something done, get the busy man to do it." The 1937 amendment: "But be sure he knows how to do it right."

Jail Visitor—Isn't prison life pretty hard?

Convict—Naw. It ain't so bad. The warden never drags me out to bridge parties or to the movies in the evening.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Yes, and a prosperous one, to boot. But let's lay the greater stress on Happiness.

Prosperity is so often misconstrued as mere money-making. But real prosperity comes to the one who is full of enthusiasm for the matter at hand; who puts zest into daily life—and gets joy out of it; who relishes the accomplishments of work—yet secures plenty of fun from the hours of play.

This is the sort of happy prosperity we wish for you during the coming year.

GOOD WISHES

1. We wish for thee Happy Days.
2. We wish for thee Peaceful Nights.
3. We wish for thee a Low Golf Score.
4. We wish for thee Luck in the Races.
5. We wish for thee Freedom from Worry.
6. We wish for thee Success in Thy Business.
7. We wish for thee Freedom from Tire Trouble.
8. We wish for thee a Smoothly Running Motor.
9. We wish for thee a Happy Vacation this Summer.
10. We wish for thee Luck When Thou Goest Fishing.
11. We wish all manner of Good Things for thy Family, if thou hast one.
12. Last, but not least, we wish thee, With All Our Heart A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

May 1937 bring you a full measure of success and the joy that comes from the knowledge of service given to others.

GRATITUDE.

An old year passed away yesterday. A chapter in my life was finished—Ah! those months were filled with sorrows—joys—and strife. In trudging up life's rugged hills huge obstacles appeared. I'm thankful for the courage that overcame each barrier feared. And though, at times, my grief was deep and very hard to bear, I'm grateful for consoling thoughts which lessened my despair. I know the joys which came to me, though in themselves immense, were by the sorrows, in between, made much, much more intense. —Lyla Myers

Some women never know what to expect next from their husbands, and some husbands try hard not to disappoint them.

Jenkins—Smith's wife thinks the world of her husband.
Perkins—Does she?
Jenkins—Yes, she even believes the parrot taught him to swear.

THE NEW YEAR

How lovely to behold! Whether younger or here!
Its pure visits unfail for us, life triumphant—
Over yesterday's bier—as the Master foretold!

The use of any device or contrivance for muffling or stopping the sound or report of any firearm has been proclaimed a criminal offence in Canada, unless a permit has been obtained, according to a proclamation in the Canada Gazette.

Highland Depopulation

The Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman writes: Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel was the principal guest on November 27 at the Caledonian dinner of the members of the Scottish group of the Forum Club, Grosvenor Place, London. Miss Jean Duncan was in the chair.

Sir Donald said it was appalling to think that the Highlands were gradually being depopulated. The whole trouble was, how were they going to provide a living for the people? They must have some subsidiary source of existence. He believed that with co-operation and more capital they could make a good deal more of the lobster fishing on the West Coast, but the difficulty had always been the lack of co-operation. He did not see also why the poultry industry was not more developed than it was today. One project that was on hand just now, and one which he had very much at heart, was the Caledonian Power Scheme. Once the works were completed they would provide employment for young men in the Highlands who were now going away.

May Replace Von Papen



Josef Buerckel, 100 per cent. Nazi who succeeded Franz von Papen as commissar for preparation of the Saar plebiscite, who is being boomed by influential Nazis in Germany to replace Von Papen, German ambassador to Austria, who recently admitted that "Austro-German reconciliation negotiations are not progressing satisfactorily."

The Clothes They Wear

Ottawa Journal writes:—A Toronto collegiate principal has stated—and a doctor on his board agrees with him—that the prevalence of colds among his girl students may be attributed to their scanty clothing.

We used to be told that men were silly to wear so much clothing; that the fair sex on the other hand showed great good sense in reducing their covering to a minimum. It was supposed that thereby they increased their powers of resistance, toughened their systems, were better able to withstand changes in temperature and chill winds in pampered males who went about muffled from toe to chin.

Perhaps we shall have a second thought in this matter, a reaction to the belief that the men aren't so foolish after all. At any rate men, so we are told, show not the least inclination to wear nothing from the knees down but a bit of thin silk. They realize very well that their manly limbs thus would be displayed to great advantage, but men are old-fashioned in many ways and prefer their own selfish comfort to conferring joy on the populace.

Before the Spaniards landed in America there were no horses there.

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I. D. B.

By HENRY FLEET

I have been called an engaging crook. I have a fluent tongue and a way of playing up to people. But I am more than an engaging crook. I am a clever crook.

I know already what you're thinking: "The vanity of these criminals! How they bluff themselves." But really my vanity is pardonable. Could an ordinary crook, for instance, foist 500 stolen diamonds on an entire village at a handsome profit to himself while a detective looked on as a spectator?

The evidence stared the detective in the face, yet he could not get a word in black-and-white against me.

That was my achievement. I got the diamonds from a pal whom I had visited in South Africa. He is employed at an alluvial digging settlement, where stones are plentiful and the sneaking of a few at a time passes unnoticed.

My pal had made a collection of 500. They were quite ordinary diamonds; uncut, of course, and rather smallish. It was my job to sell them in England and share the profits.

On the boat I became aware that I was being shadowed. Apparently the South African police had learned something about me. But they couldn't place their hands on a tittle of evidence. They turned my luggage upside down at the Customs office in Cape Town, and the officials stared very hard at me.

Of course, they didn't find the diamonds. I'm no fool. There was only one person in South Africa who knew where those diamonds were. He was a coloured tailor in the notorious District Six of Cape Town; and after I had had a little chat with him there was no likelihood of his questioning my pitch.

It was damn funny the way people looked at my square, powerful shoulders on board the boat. Of course, not the entire 500 were in the shoulders. They were resting snugly in cottonwood all over my suit. I'm not so dumb, am I?

The watch on me was not relaxed in England. Keen, sharp eyes followed me everywhere. I dared not make a false move. So I decided not to dispose of the diamonds in the orthodox manner—that is to say, to the ordinary diamond buyers. I knew that every buyer would be watched.

I went to a little village. It is secluded, it is somnolent. The name doesn't matter. It contained about 800 families, all living in decent houses surrounded by large gardens. Horticulture, indeed, was the village's passion. It was a place in which everybody knew everybody else, and where my business was your business.

I took a room with a man and his wife named Lambert. Decent people—and honest. The detective shadowing me took a room in a house a few doors away.

Then I started. I admired gardens. I praised the women's taste in dress; marvelled at the children's talents. In the end I was a popular favorite with everybody. The mayor became my special friend.

One afternoon I sat idly watching Lambert, my landlord, at his gardening. Suddenly I got up. "I feel energetic," I said. "Can I try my hand at a bit of gardening?"

Lambert was proud of me—in deed, he stood a little in awe of me and my travels and my profession. I had told him I was an author seeking rest after work on a long novel. "Certainly," he said. "If you care to dig up that rocky patch there—"

"Sure," I replied. I dug for about five minutes. Then suddenly I dropped my spade with a clatter, fell on my knees, and stared in wondering amazement at the soil.

"Good lord!" I exclaimed.

Lambert came hurrying up to me.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"A diamond!" I exclaimed. "This soil is diamondiferous!"

"What?"

"You're rich! You've got a fortune here!"

"The diamond—let me see!" he cried.

I showed it to him. I told him of my years and years of experience on diamond-fields in South Africa. There was no doubt that the stone was a diamond. He was wealthy! His garden contained a fortune!

Lambert was a level-headed man. He asked me not to breathe a word to anybody. He did not doubt my knowledge, he said. Would I take it as an affront if he took the stone to a large neighbouring town next day and tested the accuracy of my opinion?

"You were right," he gasped when he returned. "What shall I do now?"

"Let's have another look in the garden," I suggested, simulating an excitement equalling his. "Come on! Quick!"

We strode into the garden. At the same patch I had dug the day before I picked up a useless collection of stones and gazed at them with concentration. Suddenly I snapped my fingers in a gesture of confirmation.

"You see these stones?" I asked Lambert. "They are not diamonds—but they are always found in diamondiferous soil. Look at this one! A garnet! And this one! An agate! And these two! Jasper! And—oh, this big one! Chalcedony!"

What a successful bluff those words were! How impressed was Lambert with my "technical" knowledge!

He let his wife into the secret. They kissed and hugged each other. He promised her the world. They said they would repay me handsomely, that I must regard myself as one of the family. That is the only time in my life that I felt just what a rotten, unscrupulous swine I was. Still, my conscience gets over its troubles quickly.

I patched up a rough sieve. Lambert and I took turns at digging and washing the debris. Before the day was out I had contrived to add two more diamonds to the soil.

Lambert washed the debris, and then called me excitedly.

"Look! two more!" he exclaimed.

We shook hands. Mrs. Lambert's joy knew no bounds. In half an hour the whole village knew of Lambert's colossal luck.

The place was agog with excitement. Business premises closed. The mayor (my special friend), his fellow-councillors, old men, old women, young men and young women, children and dogs, came tearing down the road, pouring into Lambert's garden, inspecting the diamonds, shaking the Lamberts by the hand, asking a thousand and one questions, examining the sieve, peering at the soil.

It was a day such as the village had never known before. The mayor said the village had "at last turned the corner". The town clerk took advantage of the occasion to ask once more for the increased salary promised him five years ago. It was granted him on the spot.

The detective hovered about, too. He was my only enemy in the town. His suspicions glared out of his eyes. But if three diamonds were found in another man's garden—what did I have to do with it, anyway? He must have wondered why the devil I gave three diamonds away for nothing.

I decided to put some pep into my work and get out quickly. I drew the mayor aside.

"Has it ever occurred to you," I said, "that the soil in the entire village might be diamondiferous?"

"What?" he gasped. "Do you think

Millions may be here! What are you fellows dawdling for? Give me the word to make a survey. I'll do so before the evening's out. Call a special meeting of the council tonight and I'll give you the result of my investigations.

"Get everybody here to start on their own gardens. The same luck might be awaiting them. Your own garden might be a treasury. Quick! That's the way you want to do it."

There is no need to go into details. Stirred by a vision of fabulous wealth, the mayor got up on a stool and cried to the crowd the joyous news of my hopes.

"Every man to his own garden!" he exclaimed, and then stopped suddenly. "Here, Pat Jackson!" he snorted. "You've borrowed my spade these last three weeks. I want it back. Now! This very moment!"

That was that. Old men, old women, young men, young women, children and dogs scurried to their own gardens.

Casualty I strolled from house to house, peering expertly at the ground and confirming my belief that the soil WAS diamondiferous.

Unknown to the detective, that night I met the village council. I spoke in millions.

"Gentlemen," I concluded, "I have travelled widely. I have seen villages grow into cities overnight before. That is now your destiny."

"A word of advice. We are friends. I have enjoyed your hospitality very much. Get into the swim quickly. You—all of you—have fortunes in your grasp. Those of you who have businesses be prepared to expand immediately. Don't be afraid to invest. Spend freely—and you will reap the rewards your courage deserves."

Loud applause followed this effort, and the question I expected to be asked came soon and naturally enough.

"And how are we to repay you?" the mayor asked. "I mean—my fellow-councillors"—here he threw out his hands in a gesture to embrace them all—"I mean, we feel you deserve some recompense."

I shrugged my shoulders.

Going "Over the Top" ..



At a recent test of men and equipment by German High Command, trucks, motorcycles and autos were put through grueling paces at Wundorf near Berlin. Above a cyclist goes over embankment.

"Gentlemen," I smiled. "I'm a novelist and traveller. I go from place to place. I wish you all the best of luck. As for myself—well, really, a cash payment is all I can suggest. And that really is absurd. You know nothing about me. I intend leaving for Germany shortly. If you feel you cannot make a cash offer, well—"

And I shrugged my shoulders. They protested at my implied generosity. The mayor thumped his desk.

"We can't let you go without a penny," he said somewhat vehemently, addressing not me but his fellow-councillors. "It would be a shame—a scandal. Listen to this; if the finds tomorrow are really good—if they promise the millions you speak of—how about \$5,000 spot cash and more later?"

"As you please, gentlemen," I said, smilingly suggesting that whether I got paid or not didn't really matter.

There's not much left to tell. On the following day the entire village was busy destroying its magnificent gardens. I went from one man to another, giving advice and encouragement, examining the soil, repeating again the magical words, "Jaspe," "agate," "chalcedony." And shortly after I left each garden—diamonds!

The mayor, to whom I gave great help, found as many as thirty. "For you, sir, a monument!" he exclaimed, with a look of reverence at me.

That day the ground surrendered the astounding figure of 500 diamonds.

Yes, 500 diamonds in one day!

The village seethed. Plans of round the world cruises filled every mind. Not a garden proved barren. The buzz, the storm, the excitement, the yells, the vociferations!

They pressed me, as a favour to them, to take \$15,000. This was on the initiative of the mayor. Reluctantly I agreed, and remarking jestingly that I doubted whether the bank would cash so large a cheque—went and cashed it on the spot!

That night, while the village made merry over its colossal luck, while the mayor was granting interviews to thrilled pressmen and having his picture taken, and while the detective was probably still speculating on what might be the deeper significance of my behaviour, I disappeared mysteriously.

The village? It still remains a village—unadorned by any monument to myself.—London "Answers".

Woman Braves Storms With Deep-Sea Fishermen in N.S.

THE HAWK, Cape Sable Island, N.S. — Women nowadays are taking part in most of the occupation the male sex once claimed for itself—but few have ever been willing to attempt one of the toughest jobs going, deep sea fishing.

There is only one in Nova Scotia, as far as the records go. She is Mrs. Kilson Atwood, hardy daughter of this storm-swept island just off the southern tip of the province.

Regularly, in fair weather or foul, she dons the uniform of the Nova Scotia fishing fleet—ungainly oilskins and sou'-wester—and puts out to the fishing grounds near here with her husband and other members of this community.

The boat in which she goes to sea is an open 30-footer. In rough weather waves break over the craft's bow and spray and wind lash the faces of the crew.

Once on the grounds, nets or trawls, depending on the type of fish for which they are trying, are

(Fifth Plate)

with her mother. They know horses and cattle and how and what to feed them; orchards and how they should be trimmed and sprayed, and are entirely familiar with farm machinery and its care. Even more interesting to learn is the fact that mother and daughter are making the place pay.

Light Consumption Of Milk Deplored

The Woodstock Sentinel-Review says: The city's M.O.H. in his annual report directs attention to the fact that per capita consumption of milk in Woodstock is only about one-third of a quart. Two quarts a day, on the average, for a household of six persons, is not impressive, when one considers that it includes culinary as well as beverage purposes. As there are smaller families using three or more quarts, there must be some very poor customers to hold the average down where it is.

It is not creditable that the per capita consumption should be so low in the county seat of Canada's banner dairy county, with all its fine herds, and the local supply surrounded with every reasonable safeguard in respect of sanitation, but-terfat content, pasteurization and all the rest of it.

Dr. S. J. Crumbine, of the American Child Health Association, states: "No diet can be considered adequate for the growing child which does not provide a sufficient quantity of safe, wholesome milk, for milk is universally conceded to more nearly qualify as an adequate food than any other single article of diet." As to its use by adults, Dr. Grant Fleming, of the Canadian Medical Association health service, said: "If any one food can be called an essential food, milk is such a food. It is the most economical and most valuable food we have."

Can a Woman Run a Farm?

Writes the Peterborough Examiner:—Can a woman and her daughter run a farm of 150 acres and make it a success? It appears such a thing can be done. In the autumn of 1932 Cameron McNally, a progressive farmer in Norfolk County, died. Mrs. McNally tells of it this way: "Conditions were such that there was nothing else to do and I carried on to finish what Cameron had started."

On this farm, where diversified cropping is followed, there are 28 acres of apple orchard, a few acres of cherries, a splendid herd of pure-bred Jerseys and an apiary.

Before their marriage the young folk had planned the house in which they were to live and they actually moved in before it was entirely completed. Mrs. McNally had a received a liberal education, is a musician and student. Since taking over the operation of the farm she had attended many of the short courses at the Agricultural College in Guelph, always in search of instruction and newer ideas. The daughter had also been well educated but on the death of her father decided to "team it"

Down On The Farm

Down on the farm, so the city folk say. We take life easy and we're sure of our pay. We don't have to jump when we hear the whistle blow. Or be bossed by a foreman and told where to go; We get lots to eat and we always have cash, While the city man lives on corn flakes and yesterday's hash.

If we want a day off, "well" we do as we please. In fact life on a farm is one of sheer ease. While some of it's true, the half is not told Of the farmer who works in hot weather or cold. The city man rises, say, quarter to seven, While the farmer's been through more trouble this side of Heaven.

He hunts for his cows there back end of the place, Time he gets them in the barn he's blue in the face; Sits down to a Bossy and with a flip of her tail, Hits him across the eyes, and puts her foot in his pail.

Gets his milking all done, mixes soap for the pigs, Has an argument with his wife like Maggie and Jiggs; Harnesses up the grey team, goes to the house for a bite. Radio screeches out "there'll be rain for the night." Puts horses on the wagon, puts "Adam's ale" in the jug. Starts for the field and "away" goes a tug. Gets all fixed up and, as sure's he's born, Cows have broken loose and are trampling the corn. Chases cows for an hour, causing grief and pain, Time he gets to the gate it starts to rain. Works all summer, if he's lucky gets to town, City man thinks he's there always, envies Farmer Brown.

City man holler cause he has to pay his rent, Time the farmer pays his taxes he hasn't a cent. His clothes are getting shabby, his hat is out of date, His family Ford it knocks a bit, he'd like a new V-eight.

He'd like to put in H; dro, bu, the banks are kinda shy. And his milk cheques are getting smaller as the cows are nearly dry. He's out when the sun is shining and when it's 42 below, His water-pipes freeze up; he has to dig 'em up in the snow.

Each year he figger what he's made, the answer's just the same. He hasn't made a single cent, this farming's quite a game. Says he, "Well, things they might be worse," and gives his pants a jerk. With a cheery grin he's on his way for another year's hard work.

—By Henry Horne, Springfield, R.R. 1.